

Pal. Tis in our power,
 (Vnlesse we feare that Apes can Tutor's) to
 Be Masters of our manners: what neede I
 Affect anothers gate, which is not catching
 Where there is faith, or to be fond upon
 Anothers way of speech, when by mine owne
 I may be reasonably conceiv'd; fav'd too,
 Speaking it truly; why am I bound
 By any generous bond to follow him
 Followes his Taylor, haply so long untill
 The follow'd, make pursuit? or let me know,
 Why mine owne Barber is unblest, with him
 My poore Chinne too, for tis not Cizard iust
 To such a Favorites glasse: What Cannon is there
 That does command my Rapier from my hip
 To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip toe
 Before the streete be foule? Either I am
 The fore-horse in the Teame, or I am none
 That draw i'th sequent trace: these poore sleight sores,
 Neede not a plantin; That which rips my bosome
 Almost to'th heart's,

Arcite. Our Vncle Creon.

Pal. He,
 A most unbounded Tyrant, whose successes
 Makes heaven unfeard, and villany assured
 Beyond its power: there's nothing, almost puts
 Faith in a feavour, and deifies alone
 Voluble chance, who onely attributes
 The faculties of other Instruments
 To his owne Nerves and act; Commands men service,
 And what they winne in't, boot and glory on;
 That feares not to do harm; good, dares not; Let
 The blood of mine that's sibbe to him, be suckt
 From me with Leeches, Let them breake and fall
 Off me with that corruption.

Arc. Cleere spirited Cozen
 Lets leave his Court, that we may nothing share,
 Of his lowd infamy: for our milke,

Will relish of
 Be vile, or disol
 In blood, unlesse
Pal. Nothing
 I thinke the Ec
 The eares of hea
 Descend againe
 Due audience o

Val. The K
 Till his great r
 He broke his w
 The Horses of
 The lowdenesse

Pal. Small v
 But whats the
Val. The few
 Deadly defyan
 Ruine to Thebs
 The promise of

Arc. Let him
 But that we fear
 A jot of terrour
 Thirds his own
 When that his a
 Tis bad he goes

Pal. Leave th
 Our services sta
 Yetto be neutra
 Rebellious to o
 With him stand
 Who hath boun

Arc. So we m
 Ist fed this war
 On faile of some

Val. Tis in me
 The intelligence
 With the desier